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the tower

Alabama College

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the tower

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Spring

the egg stirs within the womb,
the bud forms on the branch,
the night is filled with the screaming calls of mating cats;
moaning with pain,
winter gives birth to spring . . . .

Birth
a new life is formed
the egg becomes a man
the egg becomes a life
the egg becomes a death;

the bud becomes a leaf
the leaf becomes a tree
the leaf becomes a coffin;

wind in the night
dust in the light
fight, fight
seed, bud, egg

for life is sweet
for death is

(why, when the delicious smell of spring is all in my nostrils
can I not breathe and feel
instead of thinking?)

Spring is stirring, as is life,
But in the ground, cold and still
lies last year's egg and tomorrow's bud.

—Marilyn Landers

A STORY *by* JO RAYFIELD

Even before he had finished his sermon which he had spent hours preparing, calling to use all his powers of rhetoric and eloquence for which he had early gained much repute in seminary he realized that he was warning and pleading in vain. In none of the faces which were upturned to him in polite respect except those which bent in guilty haste to check their watches could he find any reaction. A better thought crossed his mind in spite of him, "perhaps one should replace the crucifix with a clock;" not only do they no longer devote the whole of Sunday to the Lord's commandment but they even begrudge Him the short hour it takes for the mass.

After he had bid the last parisioner farewell, he went back into the church and knelt before the altar.

"Lord, I have fasted, I have prayed, I have scourged myself. Why have you not answered my plea? You have given me this task. How am I to do it if you do not give me the tools? I have spoken to the people and they have not heard me. Do you not hear me either? Do not leave your word locked within me, unspoken, unheard, unheeded."

* * * *

"That will be all, Johnathan. We'll ring for dessert."

"Father Byrne, got rather carried away today, didn't he, Mother."

"Yes. It was just disgraceful how he caried on, shouting and waving his hands. And he got so red in the face."

"If we wanted that we could go to the Baptist Church."

"Really, James, that would never do. Oh, I do hate so to have my Sunday disturbed by a lecturing priest. He ought to know that Sunday is no day to disturb people. We have enough worries during the week without his adding more. I have the greatest plans for the Cotillion dance Saturday night. We've paid for it all in advance and everybody is—oh, we just can hardly wait—and here he comes saying the world is going to end Friday. The very idea. Why! Why, why, why—you'd almost think he thought he was God or something. I'll speak to your father and he'll make the bishop do something about this Father Bryne."

"But, Mother, Dad is away and won't be back till next week."

"Well, I'll . . . I'll . . . I'll . . . Tell Jonathan to bring me some soup. I'm so upset I can't eat this steak. Father Byrne, indeed."

* * * *

"Patrick, I must insist that you go to bed and get some rest. It is nearly midnight and you have been kneeling here since this morning."

"But, Monseigneur . . ."

"Surely, my son, you cannot have so many things troubling you that it takes this long to tell God about then and surely He heard you the first time."

"But, Monseigneur, you don't understand. I am like a man who cannot walk. I don't know how to climb the steps to heaven but I don't want to slide down the gentle incline to Hell. So here I must stay. I cannot do otherwise."

"My son, we are all so crippled. But Christ helps us to climb the stairs."

"But, Monseigneur, I have failed Him. This morning I used every talent that I possessed to beg and persuade them to repent and not one soul was able to hear my cry through all the insulation that people have put up to smother the immenance of judgment day that has hung over them like the sword of Dionysius hung over Damocles. And surely, Monseigneur, you know that that day is near, that it is to be this very . . . "

"Hush . . . Patrick do not say that. You know that no man is to be able to foretell the day of Judgment."

"But, Monseigneur, it is. I know it is. It can be read in the stars. The ancients could foretell events by the stars. If a star could tell His first coming, could one not tell His second coming? I have studied and read widely and it is true. It is coming. Friday."

"Good Friday. No, Patrick. You are deceived. You have fasted more than you should and not slept as much as you should."

"But I came to this order to deny the flesh."

"No, Patrick, you came to dedicate the flesh. You must remember that one must care for the body as a tool for God's work not abuse it because it houses an imperfect soul."

"Ah, Monseigneur, you, too, are trying to put me off. You do not believe me. Do you think He didn't really warn me of the sign in the stars because I cannot pass this warning on to others? He did though, Monseigneur, and I must stay here until He tells me how I can save the people over the world."

"Patrick, Patrick, go to bed and sleep. He may send your answer in a dream, and we'll talk more on it in the morning."

"Yes, Monseigneur, as you wish."

* * * *

"Glenwood Observatory? Monseigneur Flynn speaking. Do you expect any unusual happenings toward the end of the week? You do? Nothing too unusual you say. Just an extra bright star. I see. Thank you very much."

* * * *

"Good morning, Patrick."

"Good morning, Monseigneur. You sent for me?"

"Yes, have you found your answer?"

"I don't know, Monseigneur. I just don't know."

"Won't you tell me about it, Patrick?"

"Well, I dreamed last night like you said I might. But it wasn't like an angel being sent with a message. It was more as if I had glanced at a photograph. You know when God said to Christ, 'Thou art my Son in whom I am well pleased.' "

"Yes."

"That's what I saw and nothing more. It must be a reinforcement of the other signs, but I still don't know how to convince the people. I must go out and reach them and tell them."

"Are you sure, Patrick? You know the position which the Church takes on miracles and visions. You are a Catholic priest. You can't go out and preach on street corners or from part benches."

"But, Monseigneur, how else . . . ? What can I do?"

"Pray, my son. I will pray for you, too."

The ringing of the phone interrupted them. Monseigneur Flynn held his hand over the mouthpeice.

"It's for you, Patrick."

"Father Byrne? This is Wilson of the *Daily Chronicle.* Could I get an interview with you? I want to run a front page spread on you. This is sure a new one in revival lines. And you know, you're right. The world will end for some of us tomorrow. Hey!! That's a good headline. I'll say: World to End!! Are You Ready? and lower down: See and hear Father Patrick Byrne at St. Mary's!! Boy! the Catholics with a revival. You may beat the Baptists at their own game."

"Mr. Wilson, please, Mr. Wilson. This is no game; I had a vision two nights ago. And . . . "

"How could you have gotten cleared through church channels? You Roman Catholics do still check miracles and visions and stuff, don't you?"

"There wasn't time for that. Don't you see that I only had three days and a whole world to tell?"

"Do you feel all right, Father?"

"Yes. That's beside the point. Say, can you run a special evening issue?"

". . . wants me to run a special evening issue, the crazy loon."

"I beg your pardon Mr. Wilson. Did you say something to me?"

"No, Father, I was just talking to someone here in the office. I'm afraid we can't print a special edition for you. Our presses are still rolling in the regular edition and we can't stop that."

"Yes, I see. Well, thank you."

"Sure, Father. Sorry I bothered you."

"Don't you want the story for the morning edition?"

"Some other time Father. O.K.?"

"Some other time! There won't be any more time. The world will end at noon tomorrow. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Wilson?"

"Monseigneur, he didn't believe me. He called me a crazy loon. Do you believe me? Do you think I'm crazy?

"No, Patrick, you're not crazy."

"You don't believe me. You think I'm mad. You're like they expect me to be—a good, calm, stolid, uninspired, uninspiring Catholic priest. We hear their confessions, give a small unostentatious penance. We deliver logical undisturbing sermons. Don't upset the congregation; don't make them think; don't keep reminding them that Hell awaits them; above all don't flatly tell them they are making their own hell as fast as they can. I haven't broken any of the Do's and Don'ts but have I guided a soul to the right path? Have I? Have any of us? Maybe we're wrong. When people sleep through the service or talk about how fine someone looked or how glad they were to see so and so rather than about God as they leave the church then somebody is wrong. Maybe I should preach from street corners."

"You can't as a Roman Catholic priest."

"Why not?"

"You'd disgrace the Church."

"Then I'll take my collar off."

"It's three A.M. Nobody will be there to hear you. Have some tea, then rest and we'll talk in the morning."

"Monseigneur, I'm so sleepy all of a sudden, that tea . . ."

"Just go to sleep, Patrick."

* * *

"Hello, Dr. Johns, Monseigneur Flynn. You know what we talked about early today. Yes. Could you come right over? Yes. He's asleep. I just gave it to him."

* * *

"Have you contacted any place, Monseigneur?"

"Yes, Dr., Brookville Sanatorium. It's about six miles out of town. On the right. No sign. It's a quiet little country road that turns off into orchards of pecan trees, no fence."

"Shall I drive?"

"No, I'll drive and Mike can sit with him. You'd best stay here. It isn't so pretty sometimes."

"What if he comes to?"

"He won't."

"Oh, how I hate to do this to him."

"It's best for him, Monseigneur."

"I suppose so, Dr."

"We'd better get started or we won't make it back for dinner."

"Dr. Johns, the patient has come to."

"Thank you, nurse. Dr. Gruber, may we see him and say good-by. It's nearly 11:00, and we need to get back to town and we have some stops on the way."

"All right, Johns, I'll go with you."

* * *

"Dr. Johns!! I've got to get out of here. Can't you help me?"

"No, Father."

"You brought me here!!! I've got to get out of here. Can't you help me?"

"No, Father."

"You brought me here!!! How could you?"

"We decided you needed some rest."

"Oh, my God, help me. I've got to get out, I don't have much time. Tell them for me, Dr."

"Tell them what, Father?"

"To repent. You haven't much time. You must hurry. Repent—the end is near."

You'd better go, Dr. Johns. We mustn't get him too excited."

"All right."

"Repent, before it is too late. Oh, God, tell them."

* * *

"You drive, Mike, and hurry. We've got to go by and pick up the wine for the party tomorrow. And we'll be late for dinner if we don't hurry."

"We'll have to hurry if we get back to town before that storm breaks. It looks bad. It's almost as dark as it was during the last eclipse."

"Yes, from the looks of this storm it'll be the worst we've ever had. Hope we get home before it breaks."

Ode To Morning

The Heavens sent a morning from their realm
To bless the earth, to freshen life anew;
A morning given to a softer voice,
Its tear drops, prostrate jewels of dew;
A morning filled with singing birds that fill
The air with bars that quicken into trill
That wakes and stirs to life the distant hill.

With golden light the world is dyed in flame
To dimness death has come with haste and might;
For Heaven's air breathes down upon the world
And dries the tears—the agonies of night;
And distant dawns are sweeter less than these
That wake our sight, our fancies warm and please,
This light, embracing sky, and world and trees.

Thou, morning, come again to me
And bring again my heart with thy sweet smile;
Couldst thou but linger near, throughout the day,
Nay, for joy would die in thee a while;
Thou flower-scented jewel, thou gem of worth,
Thou, that the heavens pour upon the earth,
With thee, I, my saddened fancies girth.

For oft I watched thee, coming from thy home
To put a dimmer view than thee to flight;
Thou rapturous vision, come! Eternal, come!
And burst, with newer beauty to my sight;
Thou spirit fresh, abide always in me,
And may my thoughts thy newness ever see,
Thou, morning, blessing earth, and sky, and tree!

—Bobbie Wiggins

T-Flat Minority

Endless frustration.
I scream stop,
But on and on.
Paint wildly;
Colors blotch and run together.
Agonizing moonlight thru unclean windows,
Burns my face, sears my skin.
I smear the sky across my canvas,
Forms live, die, then rebirth, again death.
The multicolored blank canvas
Profection in nothingness.
The dumbly staring wall receives my knife,
A masterpiece!
The cracked plaster has talent.
Murder the canvas,
Cut its throat.
Envy the wall, lock out the moon,
Cool my face in green beer.
I want to run naked along a beach,
Let the wind blow stinging at my nakedness.
My talented wall smirks,
His private joke unknown.
I spin around, around, around,
I stop.
My talented wall revolves about me.
I feel like god, the universe spinning
Crazily about me.
It all ends!
I lie back watching the rats
Begging for food.
The rats know the master here,
They don't beg the wall.
I laugh.
Rain sounds on glass.
Glory, the clouds have killed the moon.
Damn the clouds I loved the moon,
But that was yesterday or the day before.
I'm glad it's dead.
But how do you bury a dead moon?
On the roof is a flower box filled with poison ivy.
Bury the moon under the poison itching plants
Three inches deep.

—Allan Robinson

City in Abstract

Walk, crawl along the streets.
Streets of damnable size
Asphalt snakes
More deadly than cobras.
Streets, murderously inviting.
Smell the odors of man,
Stench, sweetness,
Rotting bodies of vagrant animals in gutters.
Grease ladened aromas
Floating from doors, windows
Of poisonieras

Lady, why are you selling flowers here?
Demented one, your flowers are from graves.
They reek of funeral stench.

Why should I buy a pencil?
I don't need a pencil. Why aren't
You selling hemlock in
Copper cans?
Don't beg pity from me!
Would you have me sit with you?
Rot together? Our bones could dry
And sell pencils, shall I steal your
Tin cup?
Your eyes blink at my hand,
Your white cain lies.

EXTRA! Russian Rocket Lands In Hell!
I want to cut out your tongue, break your jaw!
You scream the troubles of the world,
I don't want to hear them.
You yell them to me. Wanna paper?
Sure I want a paper.
I wrap my garbage in paper.
The blackness rubs off on my hands.

Don't walk, stop, wait,
Yield, noturnslow—Salute our mechanized slavers.
Bow down, kiss their painted bases.
Bow down, kiss their painted bases.

—Allan Robinson

BOTTLE TRICK

by BOB STODDARD

It was a weird looking bottle, and it had a sort of eerie charm about it, what with the dust and all. It had a big cork stuck in the top, that looked as if it hadn't been taken out for centuries.

Nick Mackin was not a believer in fantastic tales about genies in bottles or magic spells, but he had enough curiosity to shell out $1.50 for the old bottle. Pat would get a bang out of seeing it on the mantel-piece, all mysterious-looking and green. She would probably make up some crazy fantasy about the spirit captured inside for four hundred years and granting three wishes to his liberator.

The funny old storekeeper dusted off the bottle, put it in a brown paper bag and took the dollar-fifty. Nick felt self-conscious walking down the street with a bottle, but nobody seemed to notice. When he reached his apartment he returned an eyebrows-lifted stare from his landlady with a tip of his hat, smiled his way up the stairs, and placed the shining old relic on the mantle.

Pat came up about seven. She didn't notice the bottle until after they had eaten the pizza and settled down with the hi-fi and fire. She had been occupied at first with getting the pizza cooked and then with telling Nick all about what she had done all day as they ate it.

So she was surprised, when they finally settled down in front of the fireplace, to look up and see the old bottle sitting there.

"Oh Nick! Where did that come from?"

"An old genie gave it to me today while I was in a magic valley."

Pat ignored the cut. She got up and pulled the bottle down from the shelf. "Look how pretty it is with the firelight coming through it," she said.

"Yeah."

"Oh Nick, what's this inside it?"

Nick's eyes had been closed. Now he opened one of them and raised an eyebrow. "Inside?" he queried.

"Yes, inside," she persisted. "It looks like smoke or something."

Ohmigod, thought Nick. Now she'll start in about the magic spells and all.

"Nick, do you remember that old story about the genie in the bottle, and how he was tricked into it by a witch and had to stay for centuries, and couldn't do any magic stuff while he was trapped, and all that?"

"Uh huh." Now it would come.

"You don't suppose . . ."

"No, honey, I don't suppose. Genies don't exist. Just put the bottle back on the shelf and let's listen to the hi-fi."

"Well, just for curiosity, let's pull the cork out and see what happens, okay?"

"Okay, pull it out if it will make you happy."

Nick would have been impatient, but Pat seemed so absorbed and sincerely interested, like a kid with a new toy, that he couldn't help smiling. She tugged, twisted, pulled, shook, and wrestled with the cork, but it wouldn't give. All the time her face had a look of happy expectancy, but she got more and more exasperated as her efforts proved fruitless.

"Nick, honey, I can't get the cork out. Do it for me, will you, please? I promise that afterwards I'll forget all about the silly old bottle. If a genie doesn't come out," she added under her breath.

Nick resignedly took the bottle and grasped the cork. It wouldn't budge. He put both thumbs on its side and pushed. It held.

"Damn," he cursed softly on his way to the kitchenette. He returned with a corkscrew. The room was heavy with silence, but for the creaking of the worn

old cork, as Nick finally began to budge it. There was a deep "thunk" as it came out, and the couple looked at the bottle and then at each other.

The smoke that Pat had seen began to waft out of the mouth of the bottle. Nick put it down on the table and backed over next to Pat.

Unbelievably, the smoke kept coming out and coming out until there was enough to form a fat human shape. The shape began to take on color and solidarity, and in a minute or so, a huge robed figure kneeled on the table. Bit by bit, the table legs began to sag and bend, and before long there was a loud crack, and the fat figure found himself among a heap of broken wood.

"Dammit!" he shouted, and raised his head. Bang! It hit the ceiling. "Ouch! Dammit! May the fleas of a thousand camels nest in your beard for conjuring me in such a small castle!" roared the fat genie.

Nick released his hold on Pat's hand. He noticed that the knuckles of both their hands were white from the tight grip they had unconsciously been applying. He cleared his throat and said in a fairly steady voice, "This is not a castle. It is an apartment house. And I didn't conjure you; I just pulled the cork out of a wierd bottle I bought for a buck-fifty downtown. I don't know who or what you are, but I would appreciate it if you would quit rubbing your head. You're knocking the plaster off my walls."

The fat genie quit rubbing his head. He leaned his elbow in the sink and broke off the spigot. Water began to spray around the kitchen.

"Mackinaw!" said the fat genie. Water continued to spray. "Merrimac!" he stuttered. Now the water was beginning to puddle up on the floor. "M . . M . . Moginaut!" he pronounced triumphantly. A small chinaberry sprig appeared in the mouth of the faucet, stopping the flow of water.

Nick spoke up again. "Look, Sam, or Mack, or whatever your name is, I am not too well informed on what to do when one finds a genie in a bottle, but for a starter, let's see if you can't do something about your impractical size. About five minutes of your magic and I'll be in debt up to my ears to pay for this wrecked apartment."

"Oh, yes," mumbled the genie, "I do seem to be a bit outsized for such a small palace, don't I?" He managed to squirm around enough to get a red-bound book from inside his robe, and he thumbed through it slowly. "Let's see, now . . . sable and mink production . . . sailing vessel destruction . . . shooting star control . . . Ahh, here it is: size reduction."

He mumbled a few syllables, made a sign with his hands, and shrank to a heighth of about nine feet. That is, most of him shrank. Nick noticed that his feet, which were bare, remained the same size. When he stopped shrinking, his feet were outrageously large, and he kept tripping over them.

Nick and Pat gazed at the ridiculous-looking figure, and then rubbed their eyes and gazed again. It was true. He had shrunk in less than one minute, from a twenty-five-foot giant to a nine-foot genie, except for his feet, of course. The feet were all out of proportion, and Nick couldn't keep himself from staring at them.

The genie was obviously embarrassed. He sat down on the couch and tried to drape his robe over the huge feet. "I never was too good at size reduction," he stammered. "Once I rolled an 'R' too long and ended up three inches tall. My professor was furious."

He began now to thumb through the book again. At the very back of the book he stopped and read something to himself. "You are entitled to three wishes, sir, for freeing me from the bottle. Almost anything you want."

Nick wanted a sports car. "Sports car, coming up," said the genie. Over by the bedroom a small red cloud began to appear. It grew and began to shape itself into an M.G. Already the floor had begun to sag and crack.

"No! Not in here!" Nick screamed. "It'll fall through into the landlady's living room! Make it stop!"

The genie fumbled through the book, shouted something that sounded like "astronaut" might if one spoke it with four marbles in his mouth. The cloud dissipated and the floor stopped trembling.

"I meant for you to make the sports car appear *outside,* Herman," said Nick, wondering where he got the name "Herman."

"Yes, sir," apologized the genie, "it was entirely my fault; and what's more, I had to use up your second wish to cancel out your first. Since I am only allotted three to grant you, that leaves one more. I'm terribly sorry, sir, but that is strict procedure; and if I grant you any more than three wishes, I'll have to go back to that damn gold quarry and haul ingots for thirty days."

"One wish, then," sighed Nick. He looked at Pat and she shrugged.

"One wish is better than none," she said, "if we make it a good one. Be sure you don't ask for a boo-boo like last time, because we don't get another to cancel this one out."

They put their heads together and began to discuss plans for wish number three. The genie sat quietly on the couch and tried vainly to cover his left foot with the corner of the rug. Nick looked up and asked, "Can you give us money?"

"Yes, of course," said the genie. "Roman coins, paper currency from the Ming Dynasty in China, Turkish banknotes from 565 A.D., American Confederacy currency, or Samoan Island seashells?"

"How about good old U.S. Federal Reserve notes, 1961 type?" Nick queried.

"I'm really very sorry, but I'm not allowed to reproduce U.S. currency, federal rap, you know, and you can't fight the F.B.I."

Nick went back into conference. He looked up in a minute. "How about knowledge? Can you make me the smartest man alive?"

"I have full scholarships to every major American, British, French, and German university. You can attend each one free of charge for as long was you wish. We calculate that after ninety-seven years of study you will know more than Einstein."

"Yeah, thanks," Nick droned.

Nick and Pat finally decided on a diamond engagement ring from the eighteenth century, which they were told had to be yanked from the finger of a terribly rich young lady who lived in London. It had been her third engagement.

The fat genie, after considering his dubious prowess in magic execution, begged to be put back in his bottle to study for a few centuries. Nick read the passage from the red book with some difficulty, and after two failures succeeded in vaporizing the genie and the book, which pair quietly drifted back into the bottle to be corked up tight.

If you are ever up at Nick and Pat's apartment, don't open the green bottle on the shelf. It contains a clumsy friend of theirs.

A group of 6's were on the edge of the Land—
Some lying indolently on the ground;
Others, energetic and busy, walked in precisely
formed circles.
A few laughed crudely and boisterously in harsh,
irritating voices.
Some smiled sardonically—
Others withdrew and ignored.

No.

I drifted over the boundary viewing the whole nauseating,
disgusting, chaotic scene.

And so I have drifted far in the passing of time—
alone—
Relieved to be alone—
Agonized in my aloneness.

I can never be a 6,
For I was conceived and ejected an 0.

O to be a 1!
Then I could find another 1
Then there would be 2
And I could cry ecstatically, "I've one and won!"

But I'm not—merely naught.

—By One

Restless with ambition,
Aching with youth's zeal,
Tortured by dreams
We live.

Age's Promise

Age frowns upon us—
How could we know?
Life is long, complicated
—Wisdom comes only with living—
Age says.

Age kills our ambition, stifles our zeal,
But the dreams are left alone, to haunt and to scare;
Age fears us, resents us—
We don't care.

Strange, is it not?
We are so unknowing—babes in the crib—
Yet age leaves to us
Its broken promise,
Confident we can mend it.

—Marilyn Landers

Charles Thomas

THE RATHER HOLY BIBLE

THE CREATION

1. Verily,
2. In the beginning was not much.
3. Just a big nothing like.
4. Verily.
5. And yea, verily, God did not dig this and sayeth so. Yea, even unto himself he sayeth so, there being no one much around besideth himself. Verily he sayeth,
6. To wit:
7. Like where is everybody?
8. Let there be light!
9. And there was.
10. Let there be a world like.
11. And there was.
12. Let there be all kinds of fish and little animals and giraffes and Adam and Eve and birds and guitars and all.
13. Yea, verily, there was.
14. And God sayeth:
15. Crazy.

Count Basie Version

THE FALL

1. Verily, Adam and Eve were the first.
2. Cool for them.
3. And yea, the Lord dug them and gave them to eat of much.
4. Like he fed them and all.
5. Yea, they waxed strong in his favor.
6. And they ateth many goodies and drinketh wines and listeneth to their stereo all day.
7. Verily, however, something lacked.
8. And verily they discovered a new thing under a tree.
9. Yea, verily.
10. And Jehovah, also known as God for short, seeth this and poppeth his cork.
11. Verily they were just INDECENT about it.
12. And He said: My God!
13. And Adam said: Aren't thou somewhat redundant, old man?
14. For this they were banished.
15. And they had to leave all the goodies and the Thelonius Monk stereo tapes and all.
16. All they had left was the new Thing they discovered in the apple bushes.
17. Yea!

MOSES AND PHAROAH

1. And Adam begat people and they begat people and so on.
2. After a while there were a lot of Jews and Egyptians and Babylonians and a lot of crazy names like Mish and Ur and Moab. This verily is beside the point, like.
3. And Moses was the boss of the Jews.
4. He went to see God one day while his people stayed behind
5. as slaves to Pharoah, the villain of this bit.
6. And God told Moses:
7. Go down, and inform this Pharoah-cat to quit bugging my people.
8. Yea, Moses went to Pharoah and bugged him saying:
9. Art thou some kind of nut? Doest think thou art Eichmann? Art anti-Semitic? Verily, for God's sake!
10. Verily, Pharoah dug this not.
11. In their little outboards, the people fled across the Red Sea, even though it was filled with Communists.
12. And God, being gleeful at this gave them Ten Commandments that they might break them.
13. Yea, what fun.

THE TOWER OF BABEL

1. Yea, verily, here is some other stuff. Even so.
2. It came to pass thuswise:
3. One day while being slaves in Babylonia the Chosen Ones, not being awfully bright, did decide to pay Jehovah a visit.
4. Even then, yea verily, did they build them an elevator shaft.
5. One way.
6. Up.
7. Yea, God laughed so hard at this nonsense that he busted a celestial gut.
8. Wroth was he and he punished them saying:
9. Verily for Christ's sake, thou shalt hereafter speak divers tongues.
10. Like even Spanish and Hebrew and Russian and Latin and even Jazz-talk.
11. Yea, even shalt thou have to study French and German, and make thy life hard from it.
12. And that is why everybody do not speak as we do, O Children of Israel.
13. Now aren't thee sorry?

SOLOMON AND SHEBA

1. Yea, there came this cat named Solomon. He was very wise.
2. He haddeth himself a harem with concubines and many wives.
3. Thou canst tell that he spent many hours indulging in wisdom.
4. And it came to pass that he duggeth this chick called Sheba.
5. She was black but comely. Like she was a Spade, but cool. He tooketh her to wife.
6. Yea, the south of Israel dug this not.
7. Verily they dug not an integrated harem.
8. Even then did they burneth many busses and stomp hell out of photographers and Liberals and Sammy Davis Jr.
9. Yea this was done in the name of the Lord.
10. Verily, Sol and Sheba cared not one whit, but duggeth wisdom for many hours each day.
11. But Sheba heard of it and sent down and said:
12. Integration is inevitable.
13. And God said: Some of my best friends are Negroes.
14. And he further sayeth:
15. There shall come a Savior for these people. And the Messiah shall be called Ray Charles.
16. Verily, Amen, Oh Yeah.

SAMSON AND DELILAH

1. Yea, verily it came to pass that there was this cat named Samson, and even was he very strong. And all.
2. Yea, he raiseth much hell with the Philistines. He basheth faces and cracketh gourds and rippeth down doors and stealeth hubcaps and hitteth people with ass-bones and maketh a general nuisance of himself.
3. Verily did this verily even bug the Phillys.
4. Delilah becameth his chick. Like verily did he dig her.
5. Yet she dug not his flowing sideburns.
6. Yea, she bugged him incessantly, even until he could not like even concentrate on his Charles Atlas courses and all.
7. Even then did he croppeth himself of his sideburns.
8. And Delilah said: Verily thy crewcut is uncool.
9. And Samson, not being overly religious, becameth angry and toreth down a temple.
10. This did not help much as the whole damn thing crashed down on his skull.
11. Gee that smarteth, sayeth Samson.
12. And verily he was a juvenile delinquent no more. Even so.
13. Even did he get himself a job posing for Charles Atlas.
14. Even then did Delilah enroll in Barber's College.
15. And God, wishing to get in the last word, sayeth:
16. Verily there must be a moral here somewhere.
17. But there isn't.

THE CHILDREN IN THE FIREY FURNACE

1. Yea, verily, here are the Israelites in bondage again.
2. Even were they being bugged by a cat named Nebacha . . .
3. Nebachl . . .
4. Nebachsomethingorother.
5. Even so.
6. And one day did he decide to throw Shamrock, Me Jack and a Billy Goat in the Firey Furnace.
7. And they said unto him, Verily, who wants shishkabob Hebrew.
8. And Nebachawhatshisname sayeth
9. I does.
10. Verily did they go unto the Firey Furnace and pray for a sign.
11. Even then did they getteth a sign from the Lord.
12. It sayeth, Meany, Meany, tickle your Farsum.
13. And Nebachawhatthehell sayeth
14. What meaneth this?
15. And the Lord steppeth right up and sayeth
16. It meaneth to say, No Smoking.
17. Chalk one up for God, O children of Israel.

PROVERBS

1. Yea, here is like the wisdom of the ancients:
2. Speaketh softly and carryeth along a big friend.
3. Money is not everything, but verily it buyeth the most remarkable substitutes.
4. Do unto the others.
5. Do it before they do unto you.
6. If thine eye offend thee consult Ben Casey.
7. Consider the lily in the field.
8. Consider the pansy in pegged bermudas.
9. Do not dwell on it.
10. Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.
11. Useth form 1040A.
12. Haveth Hope, Faith and Charity.
13. Hope Klotzmeyer, Faith Sheldenstein and Charity O'Reilly.
14. Giveth thy all to the poor and thou shalt wind up on relief.
15. Yea, this is Wisdom?

THE PSALMS OF DAVID

I

1. O hear
2. People of Israel and elsewhere.
3. Go ye forth making a joyful noise.
4. And play thy tinkling symbols and sounding brass.
5. Even play thy harps and ukeleles.
6. Striketh the drum and the drum major.
7. Beateth on boards and stumps and the hoods of cars.
8. Singeth hymns of praise.
9. And thou shalt dwell in the house of the Salvation Army forever.
10. Amen.

II

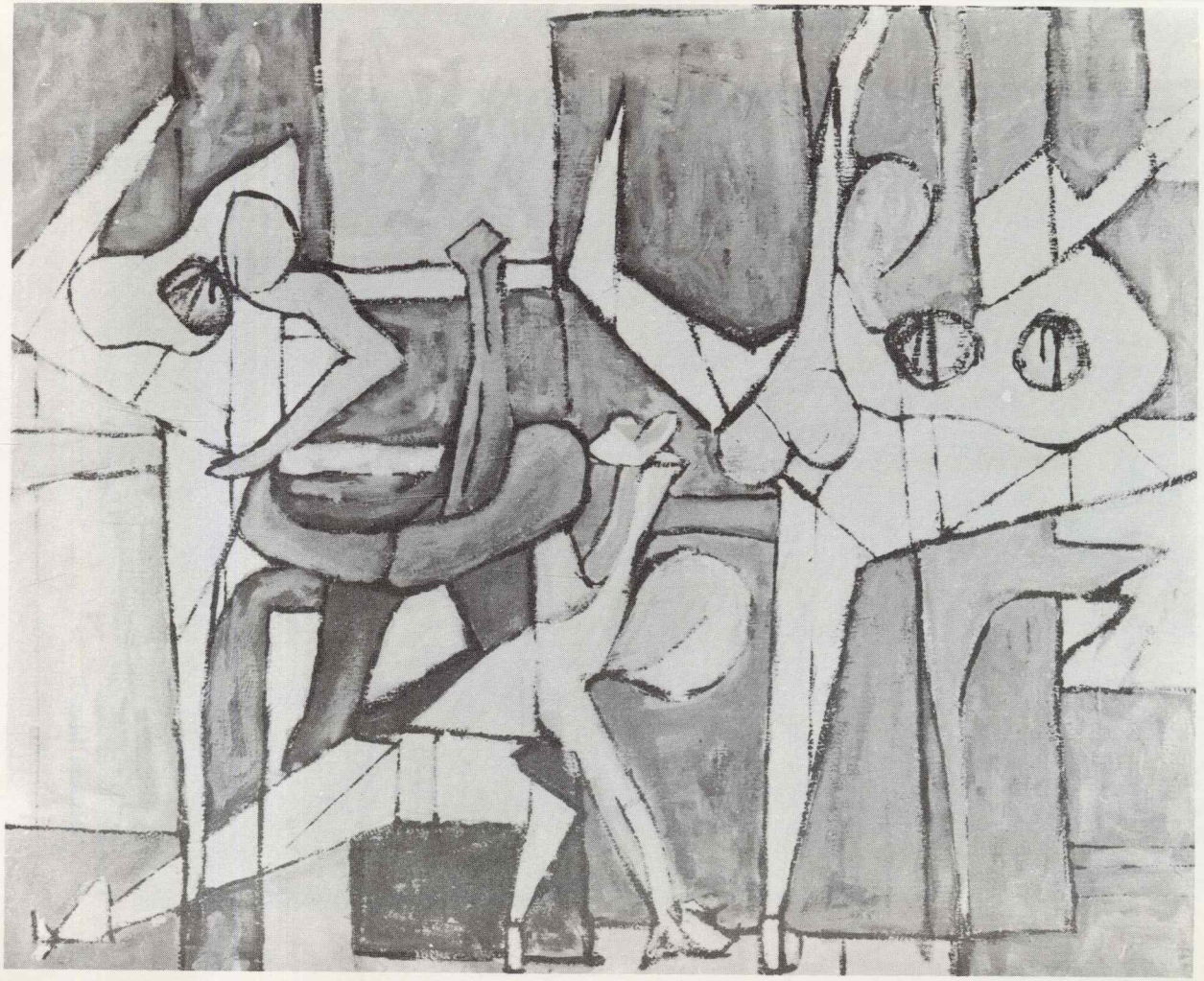
1. Lift up thine eyes unto thy sunglasses.
2. Peereth forth at each other.
3. Support Mental Health.

III

Yea this is the end. Verily, taketh not what was meant to be no sacrilege too seriously. Yea all is in Jest. Even so, while thou readeth this, stand ye not beneath a tall tree on a cloudy day. Thy lightning rod and the *Tower* staff cannot comfort thee.

Structure on White

David Huntley



Ballet No. II

David Huntley

Thesus

David Huntley

Dancer David Huntley

Orion and Taurus **David Huntley**

T7.1-3